

*Engraving of the original*

THE  
P R O G R E S S  
O F  
W A R.

A P O E M.

---

BY AN OFFICER.

---

Cum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,  
Mutum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,  
Unguibus et pugnīs, dein fustibus, atque ita porrò  
Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus.

HOR.

---

N O R W I C H :

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TO THE

K I N G,

THIS POEM

IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S

DEVOTED SUBJECT AND SERVANT,

T. P. CHRISTIAN.

SECTION

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S I R E,

THE poem humbly inscribed to your Majesty, was written during the leisure of a Subaltern, who feels a conscious pleasure from having served with disinterested zeal and vigilance; and when no longer engaged in active employments, endeavored to render his pen useful, however remotely, to the public service.

The animated sentiments of a virtuous, brave, and loyal people, he doubts not concur with his own; and cannot be better expressed than in the language of MARMONTEL's Belisarius.

“ Le citoyen libre & content, qui aime son Prince, & qui en est aimé,  
“ defend le sceptre comme son appui, le trône comme son asyle; & en  
“ marchant pour la patrie, il y voit partout ses foyers.”

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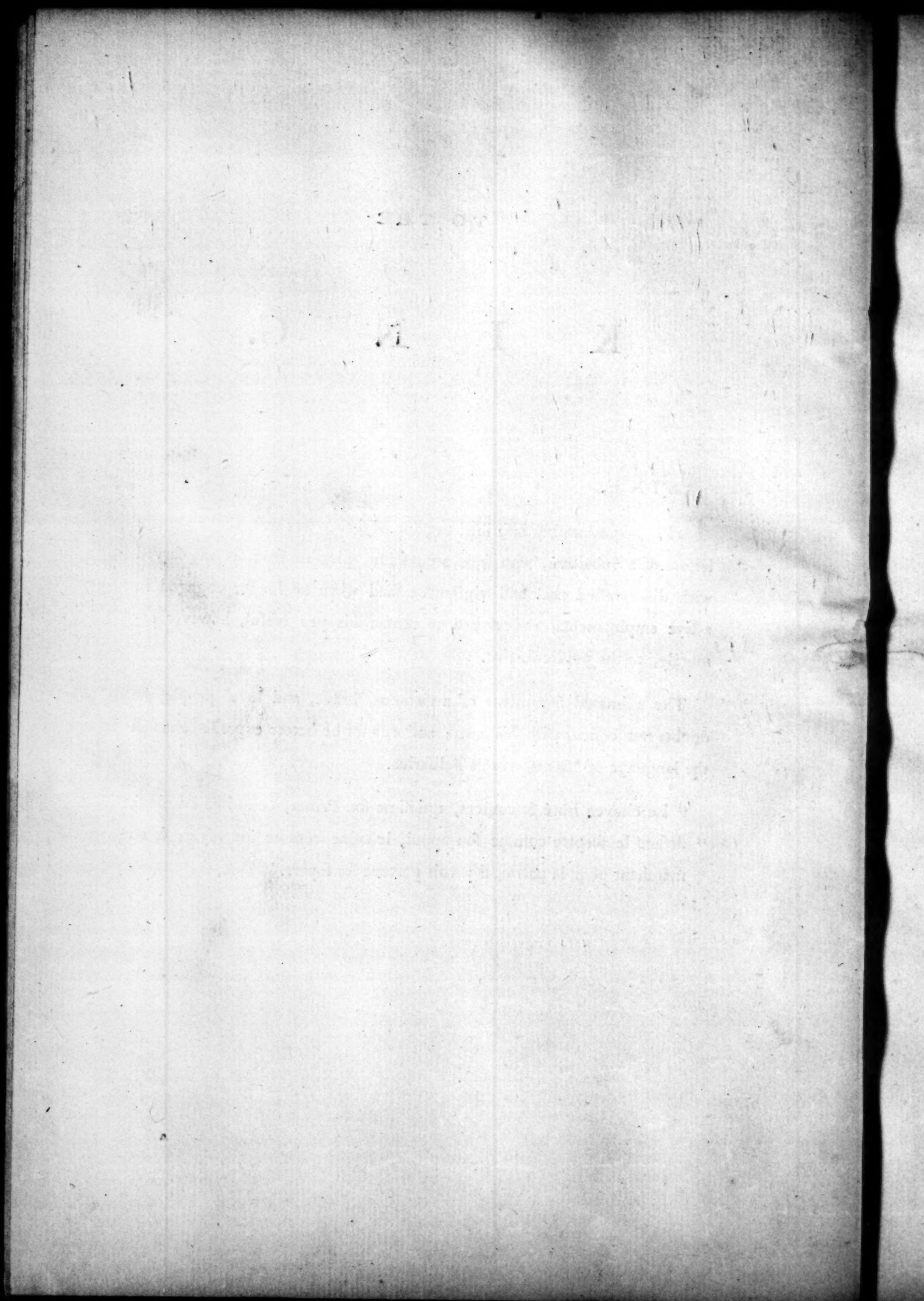
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---

THE  
PROGRESS OF WAR.  
A P O E M.

---

RELUCTANT as thou art, oh Muse, to trace  
A science fatal to the human race ;  
Say, what created first the bloody strife,  
That man to man oppos'd, and life to life ?  
Those furious passions which our bosoms tear,  
Engender'd soon the horrid monster War.  
The sharpen'd steel as yet remain'd unknown ;  
The first rude weapons were the club and stone.

B

But

But when societies enlight'ned grew,  
 To other arms invention eager flew.  
 Ambition then her num'rous troops employ'd,  
 And empires fav'd, or mighty states destroy'd.

Ninus, whose fame in arms superior shone,  
 (Th' illustrious founder of th' Assyrian throne,)  
 The ancient limits of his empire broke,  
 And bent the Asiatics to his yoke.  
 Then in one uniform'd mass huge armies fought,  
 Nor yet from discipline a vict'ry fought.

Say first, who carried order to the field,  
 And by their skill compell'd the foe to yield?  
 While the great Cyrus sway'd the eastern throne,  
 The Persian troops in war superior shone.  
 But when luxurious arts their languor spread,  
 The martial science to the Grecians fled.

When



When mighty Xerxes fought t' extend his reign,  
 And pour'd an armed million o'er the plain;  
 Three hundred warriors of the Spartan band,  
 Beneath the great Leonidas' command,  
 Defended Thermopyla's hilly pass,  
 And check'd the progress of th' enormous mass.  
 Vain were the efforts of the baffled foes,  
 While thousands sunk beneath the Spartan blows.  
 Not e'en th' \* Immortal bands could win the day,  
 Broken, repuls'd, they fled the bloody fray.  
 While thus disorder through the Persians spread,  
 Their anxious monarch trembled at their head.  
 At length a close and winding path was trac'd,  
 Through which th' invaders o'er the mountain pass'd.  
 The Spartan heroes now encompass'd round,  
 With slaughter'd multitudes bestrew'd the ground.

\* A chosen band of ten thousand Persians; which number was perpetually kept up,  
 as royal guards, whence they were termed Immortal. HERODOT. Lib. VII.

Firmly the self-devoted warriors stood;  
 For Grecian liberty they shed their blood;  
 And nobly falling on th' ensanguin'd plain,  
 Entomb'd themselves beneath the heaps of slain.

The pride of heroes Alexander came,  
 Whose conquests spread the Macedonian fame,  
 And splendid acts immortaliz'd his name. }  
 But though in early youth to war inclin'd,  
 With various learning he enrich'd his mind.  
 Dazzled at length by conquest's pow'rful charms,  
 Against the world he turn'd the Grecian arms.  
 First from the Granicus the Persians fled:  
 He next his force against Darius led.  
 Then had the monarch's troops o'erspread the plain,  
 Perhaps th' intrepid chief had fought in vain.  
 But these in narrow de-fi-les inclos'd,  
 A feeble front against the Greeks oppos'd;

Their



Their cavalry requir'd the open field :  
 But useleſs here without reſiſtance yield.  
 To eaſy victory the hero flew,  
 And thrice the number of his forces flew.  
 Thus, in a wretched and ill choſen poſt,  
 Darius ſacrific'd his num'rous hoſt.  
 Phœnicia next became the conqu'ror's prey,  
 And Tyre's ſtrong holds ſubmitted to his ſway.  
 The vanquiſh'd monarch flying from his foes,  
 Perish'd beneath a vile aſſaſſin's blows.  
 The warlike chief the Parthians next o'ercame,  
 And added victory increas'd his fame.  
 Unſated yet his breaſt with ardor burn'd,  
 And all his ſoul on future conqueſt turn'd.  
 India now bled beneath his fatal ſword,  
 And haughty Porus own'd him for his lord.  
 Thus early clos'd the warrior's rapid courſe,  
 For ſoon his army mourn'd their hero's loſs.

Here let the philosophic muse survey  
 The transient splendor of ambition's sway,  
 Of all the mighty states his valour won,  
 Say, which descended to his infant son?  
 The conquer'd provinces his gen'ral shar'd;  
 Not e'en his patrimonial state was spar'd:  
 On Macedon the rival chieftains prey'd,  
 And Philip's race no more the scepter sway'd.

The phalanx now its utmost strength attain'd,  
 And Grecian tactics in perfection reign'd:  
 In deep and close array the battle stood,  
 And drench'd its levell'd pikes in hostile blood.

E'er this, a remnant of the Trojan bands  
 Through various dangers reach'd Aufonia's lands;  
 From these a nation sprung, whose growing fame  
 In future times eclips'd the Grecian name.

Th' Italian



Th' Italian states by civil discord broke,  
 Soon bow'd their heads beneath the Roman yoke.  
 But haughty Carthage long the contest bore,  
 And check'd the progress of her rival pow'r.  
 The son of Hamilcar the war sustain'd,  
 And long the glory of his arms maintain'd:  
 Scaling the lofty Alps, the Romans fought,  
 And in the vitals of their empire fought.  
 But if the fields of Cannæ spread his fame,  
 Capua's spoils bore witness to his shame:  
 Sunk in luxurious ease the victor lay,  
 And foil'd the laurels of a well fought day.  
 Had he first led his conqu'ring troops to Rome,  
 Perhaps that mighty state had been o'ercome:  
 His vanquish'd foes dishearten'd by their loss,  
 Had feebly check'd the Carthaginian force.  
 But now the Roman bands their fears subdu'd,  
 And all the lustre of their arms renew'd.

Fabius,

Fabius, th' insults of his country brav'd,  
 And with undaunted soul the empire sav'd.  
 Thus Hannibal a glorious battle gain'd,  
 But left the fruits of conquest unobtain'd;  
 Carthage at length submitted to her fate,  
 And paid her tribute to the Roman state.

The Grecian pow'rs became an easy prey,  
 And soon beneath their haughty victors lay.  
 How chang'd that race, who once in combat stood,  
 Firm as a rock, and prodigal of blood.  
 But now, by luxury's soft arts refin'd,  
 No more they felt their pristine strength of mind.  
 Nor could th' unweildy phalanx move t' oppose  
 The active vigor of its daring foes.

When ancient Rome her sons to battle led,  
 And in the fields of war her heroes bled.

Fierce



Fierce were their conflicts, vast the numbers slain,  
 And crimson floods o'erspread the hostile plain.  
 For patriot valor fir'd each Roman soul,  
 And legions form'd one animated whole.  
 The citizen and soldier were the same:  
 To social ties they join'd the love of fame;  
 Then, nobly arming in their country's cause,  
 At once protect'd and obey'd her laws.  
 But when the love of conquest stain'd the soul,  
 And spread its wide domain from pole to pole,  
 The martial bands admitted e'en the slave\*,  
 And warlike habits taught him to be brave.  
 But chiefly such the leaders fought around,  
 Who exercis'd the chace, or plough'd the ground;  
 Not those who skill'd in arts, by lux'ry fed,  
 Unfit for war, a life enervate led.

\* The slaves were occasionally manumitted to compleat the legions on certain emergencies.

The languid nations of the south gave place  
 To hardy warriors of the northern race,  
 Endu'd alike with sinewy strength and speed,  
 To fight on foot, or guide the fiery steed.

Such were the valiant tribes by Fingal led,  
 Where danger press'd, and where the battle bled.  
 E'en Roman discipline to these gave way,  
 And native valor gain'd the glorious day.  
 Their haughty souls disdain'd a Foreign lord,  
 And freedom edg'd the Caledonian sword.  
 From \*Carun's banks the routed legion fled,  
 And strew'd the ground with dying and with dead.  
 The vengeful chieftains spread the slaughter wide,  
 And the wave dark'ning roll'd a purple tide.

\* The river retains still the name of Carron, and falls into the Forth, some miles to the north of Falkirk.



The man, whose praises warm on valor flow,  
 Will feel his breast with emulation glow :  
 And the first warrior of a former state,  
 Is sure some future hero to create.  
 Thus Cæsar weeping o'er th' historic page,  
 Became the Alexander of his age.  
 Early the popular applause he gain'd,  
 And soon the government of Gaul obtain'd,  
 Here train'd in war's perpetual alarms,  
 He spread the terror of the Roman arms.  
 Th' Helvetii first his martial bands employ'd ;  
 With these the Tigurini were destroy'd.  
 He then against the Germans took the field,  
 Whom his victorious troops compell'd to yield.  
 For those were warn'd to shun the dang'rous fight,  
 'Till the resplendent orb that cheers the night,  
 Again o'er earth diffus'd her wonted light :

Dark

Dark superstition thus their minds deceiv'd,  
 And their Diviners tales the host believ'd.  
 But Cæsar swiftly to the combat flew,  
 And the deluded foe in numbers flew.

In arms superior, thus the Roman band  
 Despising death, obedient to command,  
 Firm in their ranks repuls'd th' impetuous foes,  
 While purple torrents issu'd from their blows.  
 The rude barbarians, by wild passions sway'd  
 No certain order, no command obey'd:  
 Furious they rush'd in myriads to the fight,  
 Proud of their numbers and superior might.  
 Yet these but serv'd to swell the heaps of slain,  
 And strew with carcases the hostile plain.

When Cæsar first explor'd Britannia's coast,  
 And wafted o'er from Gaul his conqu'ring host,

In



In gloomy forests dwelt the scatter'd bands,  
 Each sep'rate tribe obey'd a chief's commands.  
 United to repel the Roman pow'r,  
 Naked or badly arm'd they fought the shore;  
 Tumultuous rush'd into the briny flood,  
 And dy'd the foamy wave with crimson blood.  
 While thus the Roman forces press'd to land,  
 And the stern Britons made their desp'rate stand,  
 Fierce was the contest between savage might,  
 And vet'ran forces long inur'd to fight.  
 Of't had they conquer'd, often had they bled,  
 In Gallia's hostile fields, by Cæsar led.  
 But now the hero anxious for his fame,  
 And for the honors of the Roman name;  
 Thus with fresh warmth his vet'ran troops inspir'd,  
 And thus their manly souls to action fir'd.

' How long, ye warriors, shall a desp'rate band  
 ' Of naked savages your arms withstand?  
 ' It was not thus ye fought, when hosts of foes,  
 ' Or fled the field, or sunk beneath your blows;  
 ' For shame, for shame, conclude the doubtful fray,  
 ' And bravely terminate a glorious day.'

Thus Cæsar, while the foe maintain'd the strife,  
 And paid the price of liberty with life.  
 A bold Centurion now by glory fir'd,  
 Whose manly breast, a noble thought inspir'd,  
 Undaunted plung'd into the briny wave,  
 And call'd aloud the valiant troops to save  
 The Roman eagle, which he bravely bore,  
 And press'd to gain the long disputed shore.  
 Instant the vet'rans to the standard flew,  
 And heaps on heaps of warring Britons flew:

The



The Roman swords an easy entrance found,  
 And pierc'd the ill-arm'd foe with many a wound.  
 In numbers now the foldiers reach the land;  
 Th' extending cohorts line the hostile strand.  
 Th' intrepid hero then the slaughter led,  
 And strew'd the sea-girt shore with heaps of dead:  
 Broken, dispers'd th' exhausted Britons fly,  
 Or at their victors feet expiring lie.  
 Conquest adorn'd victorious Cæsar's sword,  
 And gave the British tribes a Roman lord.

Convinc'd that skill and practice were requir'd,  
 To aid the troops by gen'rous valor fir'd;  
 That courage destitute of these must yield,  
 To abler discipline the laurell'd field,  
 The Roman chiefs with unremitted care,  
 Thus train'd their youth in all the arts of war.

At morn and eve, the young recruits were taught,  
 And by degrees to just perfection brought.  
 Nor age nor knowledge from the field were spar'd,  
 But daily clad in arms the whole appear'd.  
 For left unexercis'd the pow'rs decay,  
 And precepts from the mem'ry fade away.

Both honor and religion's pow'rful name,  
 Urg'd the rough soldier to the fields of fame.  
 Such were the motives that impell'd mankind,  
 That steel'd the soul and brac'd the feeble mind:  
 When e'er the glitt'ring eagle rais'd its crest,  
 A pious ardor warm'd each Roman breast:  
 They swore to guard it in the hour of strife,  
 And yield the sacred ensign but with life.  
 Firm to his oath th' intrepid soldier stood,  
 Gash'd o'er with wounds and red with streaming blood.

Bravely



Bravely he fell, and struggling yet for breath,  
 He grasp'd th' imperial standard ev'n in death.

Nor was the policy of Rome confin'd  
 To form the heart and lead th' untutor'd mind:  
 A stated pay, and lib'ral gifts were join'd. }  
 And when his term of service was expir'd,  
 The vet'ran from the well-fought field retir'd.  
 Amply rewarded for his dangers past,  
 He safely reach'd his peaceful home at last:  
 To younger men resign'd the warlike toil,  
 And turn'd to cultivate his native soil.  
 Bless'd in th' embraces of a faithful wife,  
 He calmly glided down the vale of life.  
 His gen'rous boys who hail'd their fire's return,  
 Now feel their breasts with youthful ardor burn:  
 While tales of rapid conquests fire their mind,  
 Their glowing fancy, swifter than the wind,

Arms them already with the sword and shield,  
 And instant wafts them to the glorious field.  
 E'en the fond parent feels th' illusive pow'r,  
 His heart exulting in the joyful hour  
 That views his offspring in the lists of fame,  
 Eager to emulate the Roman name.  
 Thus the brave few whom toils or combats spar'd,  
 Were sure at length to meet a due reward.

Strict was the discipline the chiefs maintain'd,  
 And beauteous order through the legions reign'd.  
 Among th' obedient troops few crimes appear'd,  
 For more their leaders than the foe they fear'd.  
 But if a wretch e'er disobey'd the word,  
 Or basely fled before the hostile sword,  
 An ignominious death proclaim'd his shame,  
 And lasting infamy distain'd his name.

Thus



Thus in some garden's highly cultur'd soil,  
 Spite of the gard'ner's vigilance and toil,  
 Amidst the flow'ers springs the baleful weed,  
 And rip'ning, strews around its noxious seed,  
 Unless his timely hand prevents its growth,  
 And from its blooming neighbours casts it forth,  
 His watchful eye soon marks it from the rest,  
 Up by its root he tears the growing pest.

Rome thus attain'd the zenith of her pow'r;  
 But reach'd, alas! too soon the fatal hour,  
 That saw the glories of her state decay,  
 And all her splendid honours fade away.  
 The legion now obtain'd its utmost force,  
 And fix'd the epoch of its warlike course.  
 But science wanted her supporting pow'r:  
 The springs that led to action were no more.

Those

Those troops that once the fields of danger brav'd,  
 Were now in turn by vice and wealth enslav'd.  
 The Parthians, Gauls, and Germans then defy'd  
 Th' exhausted realms, and pour'd on ev'ry side.  
 Those legions once unrivall'd in the field,  
 Were oft compell'd by barb'rous foes to yield.  
 Big with approaching ruin was the fate,  
 That hover'd o'er th' enfeebled Roman state,  
 With active virtue fraught, and martial skill,  
 Titus and Trajan check'd the growing ill ;  
 Restor'd the ancient discipline once more ;  
 In person led their legions forth to war.  
 Success in arms awhile renew'd their fame,  
 And spread the terror of the Roman name.  
 But when a feeble race the scepter sway'd,  
 The springs of government again decay'd.  
 The Goths, the Vandals now attack'd the state,  
 Already verging on the brink of fate.

That



That mighty empire, which the earth had brav'd  
 Was thus disgrac'd, thus conquer'd, thus enslav'd.  
 The capitol, where once a senate reign'd,  
 Was now by Papal influence maintain'd.  
 The empire of the south at length declin'd,  
 And left no trace of discipline behind.

In Europe, ignorance and lawless might  
 Spread o'er the lib'ral arts a veil of night,  
 And Genius wing'd to other realms her flight.  
 O'er her fair fields the Goths and Vandals spread,  
 By thirst of plunder and of conquest led.  
 These, knew no other right than savage force,  
 And spoil'd their vanquish'd foes without remorse.  
 By joint consent their warlike leaders reign'd,  
 And their pre-eminence by valor gain'd.  
 Their troops unsummon'd to the field repair'd,  
 And all possessions were in common shar'd.

At length uniting 'gainst their common foes,  
The feudal government in Europe rose.  
A Chieftain o'er some conquer'd province sway'd,  
Whom his victorious troops as King obey'd.

The savage warriors of the Saxon race  
Were early taught the fields of death to face.  
The god of war and carnage was ador'd,  
And Odin's name in battle edg'd their sword.  
No timid fears their warlike minds enslav'd;  
Fatigues and dangers from their youth they brav'd:  
Intrepid dy'd, and even with joy expir'd,  
So strong enthusiasm their bosoms fir'd.  
Had martial discipline their courage led,  
The christian world beneath their arms had bled.

Again, religion's awful pow'r we find  
Employ'd t' abuse th' enthusiastic mind.

Mahomet's



Mahomet's followers appear'd in arms,  
 And fill'd the eastern world with dire alarms.  
 Th' impostor spread his faith with fire and sword,  
 And a vast empire soon his pow'r ador'd.  
 His hostile tribes attack'd the christian pow'rs;  
 And hence arose a train of bloody wars.  
 For these, who view'd their sepulchre prophan'd,  
 And e'en Jerusalem with blood distain'd,  
 Were seiz'd with horror, and their pious grief,  
 Led forth a num'rous host to its relief.  
 The hermit, Peter, who their minds enrag'd,  
 And various chieftains in his cause engag'd,  
 At length assembl'd an enormous force,  
 Whose waving banners bore a bloody cross.  
 But his undisciplin'd and straggling crew,  
 The warlike infidels in thousands flew.  
 Godfrey, of Bouillon, then the crusade led,  
 With many valiant champions at his head;

And

And after various losses were sustain'd,  
 The long contested place by storm regain'd.  
 But here, no clemency the victors shew'd;  
 For one vast carnage the whole town bestrew'd.  
 With slaughter glutted, and distain'd with blood,  
 Before the holy sepulchre they stood:  
 With meekness and humility deplor'd  
 The earthly sufferings of their dying lord.  
 Thus inconsistent is the human mind;  
 So fatally does superstition blind.

Romantic chivalry e'er this appear'd,  
 And a long train of valiant warriors rear'd.  
 When martial discipline her aid withdrew,  
 These chiefs to prop the sinking standard flew.  
 The knights were men of probity and worth,  
 Religion, valour, justice, led them forth.



In arms they fought to gain a glorious name,  
 While love repay'd them for the toils of fame,  
 All pow'rful were such motives thus combin'd  
 To fire the soul and elevate the mind.  
 And though its ardor, carried to excess,  
 Requir'd the pen of satire to repress;  
 From its devotion to the fair we owe  
 The sweetest pleasures social life can know.

While yet the armies without order led,  
 By chance or valor in the battle sped;  
 Conquest rush'd on with overwhelming force,  
 And desolation mark'd her rapid course.  
 That powder which impels the pond'rous ball,  
 Beneath whose shock the strongest bulwarks fall,  
 No farther aid to martial science brought;  
 For now the troops at greater distance fought:

H

Lefs

Less combination was of course employ'd,  
And fewer numbers in the field destroy'd.

At length arose Gustavus, in the north,  
And brought the valiant troops of Sweden forth:  
Fair science to the field her hero led,  
And from his conqu'ring arms the battle fled.  
His infantry in smaller masses wheel'd,  
And thus manœuvred lighter in the field;  
But still some ancient practices remain'd,  
And the unweildy pike was long retain'd.

Next Bannier and Turenne appear'd in fight,  
And o'er the dawn of science shed new light:  
By skilful movements oft' a war sustain'd,  
And with inferior force their battles gain'd.

Vauban,



Vauban, with geometric knowledge fraught,  
 The art of sieges to perfection brought,  
 His active mind pursu'd a novel track,  
 And perfected the science of attack.  
 The \* Ricochet in various boundings flew,  
 And numbers on the open ramparts flew.  
 Then Puysegur his theory assay'd,  
 And great exactness in his march display'd.  
 Folard confided in the column's strength,  
 And his whole system shunn'd extensive length.

A second hero of the north arose,  
 Whose valor drove before him hosts of foes.  
 Th' intrepid Swedes, when Charles the battle led,  
 Like Romans conquer'd, or like Romans bled.

\* A mode of firing, first practised by M. Vauban, at the siege of Ath, in 1697.

As when the lesser stars of night decay,  
 Majestic dawns the brilliant orb of day,  
 Ascends the azure skies with rapid flight,  
 And in full splendor beams meridian light:  
 Endu'd with all that can exalt a name,  
 FREDERIC arose and gain'd immortal fame:  
 The hero, statesman, poet, here we find  
 United with a philosophic mind:  
 And though with equal ease he fills a throne,  
 Or makes each art of glorious war his own;  
 On public happiness he fix'd his aim,  
 And wisdom crown'd her chief with lasting fame.  
 Such is the guardian of the Prussian state,  
 Whom future ages shall proclaim **THE GREAT.**

Of modern tactics here the epoch place,  
 While his grand principles we seek to trace.

His



His columns mark the strength and force employ'd,  
 And are with ease and order soon \* deploy'd.  
 His movements with precision he combines,  
 And rapidly extends his well-dress'd lines.  
 The anxious foe uncertain where to form,  
 From ev'ry quarter dreads the gathering storm;  
 If on the right he † garnishes his force,  
 His left is threaten'd by the Prussian horse.  
 Swiftly they turn his flank, and gain the rear,  
 While his disorder'd troops, a prey to fear,  
 Attempt to rally, but attempt in vain;  
 Press'd by the foot, they fly the hostile plain.

If by superior force compell'd to yield,  
 The Prussians quit the well disputed field;

\* To deploy a column, is to develope and form it in line of battle.

† To reinforce or strengthen.

Alternately the sev'ral bands retire,  
 And check the victor with incessant fire.  
 A new position now the forces gain,  
 And the advancing foe at once restrain.

But FREDERIC's quick and comprehensive mind,  
 The various movements of th' \* oblique combin'd:  
 The flanking columns are his great resource;  
 From these the front extends, directs its force,  
 And on the foe impels the rapid horse.  
 Here, he consults the 'vantage of the ground;  
 Whose ample surface oft' unequal found,  
 Conceals the dext'rous movement from the foe,  
 And favors the premeditated blow.  
 The troops display'd on various heights combine  
 To mask the weaker portions of the line.

\* An order of battle generally employed by the K. of Prussia, in which he attacks with only part of his line, keeping the remainder out of the reach of shot.



At Liffa, Rosbach, thus the Monarch fought,  
 And actions realiz'd what precepts taught.  
 Admiring Europe view'd with just applause,  
 And from his pen receiv'd her martial laws.

Th' historic muse here terminates her lay,  
 Of war's progressive steps the wide display.  
 Humiliating lesson to mankind,  
 Prone to destroy, to social welfare blind!

Yet vain the hope of undisturbed peace,  
 Or that the ills of war should wholly cease:  
 Ambition arming on each slight pretence,  
 Compels us to provide for self-defence.  
 A prudent minister will calculate  
 The means, resources, int'rests of his state  
 His comprehensive mind and active soul,  
 Of due proportion'd parts will form the whole.

To

To land and naval force their strength assign,  
 And as occasion prompts, their pow'rs combine.  
 The war department be with judgment sway'd,  
 Simply arrang'd, and at small charge defray'd.

What num'rous ills, what fatal vices spread,  
 When, discipline neglected, droops her head.  
 Let public virtue form the solid base,  
 And strict obedience thro' each rank take place.  
 The youth to arms devoted, should be taught  
 By men with science and experience fraught ;  
 These, should a careful government inspect,  
 And weed out error, or prevent neglect.

The force of early habit great we find,  
 To form the heart and guide the op'ning mind.  
 Opinions, prejudices, customs,—weigh :  
 O'er these let education bear the sway.

Nor



Nor hard the task, if well they're understood,  
To turn their current to the public good.

Be Officers with patriot warmth inspir'd,  
And all their souls with emulation fir'd.

No fordid views their gen'rous minds degrade ;

With honor therefore be their toils repay'd.

For such, to glorious acts their troops must lead,

And for their country's welfare joyful bleed.

F I N I S.

